



UNION SONG

Seventh Regiment, National Guard, N. Y. S. M.  
This Song was composed by FRANK C. FILLER, of the 5th Company,  
National Guard, Seventh Regiment, for our gallant boys, and  
respectfully dedicated to the Officers of the 5th Company.  
CAPT. W. A. SPEAIGHT, COMMANDANT.  
And forwarded by Messrs. I. G. Kappner, and Wm. Stuart, of the  
5th Company, Expressly for publication in the  
NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Our glorious Union, hour by hour;  
Seemed threatened by the rebel power.  
Away, away, away down South in Dixey.  
They waited till the hour eleventh,  
Then orders came for the gallant Seventh  
To march, to march, to march away to Dixey.  
CHORUS—We all go for the Union, the Union,  
And when we get to Washington,  
On I won't we make seceders run  
Away, away, away down South in Dixey!

Jeff Davis heads the rebel crowd,  
Who of their strength seem very proud,  
Away, &c.  
But soon will fade their budding joys,  
When they shall face our New York Boys.  
Who come, who come, from New York City.  
CHORUS—We all go for the Union, &c.

They think in General Beauregard,  
They surely hold a winning card,  
Away, &c.  
But won't seceders feel some sick,  
When the gallant Seventh tramp their trick,  
And drive, and drive them down in Dixey.  
CHORUS—We all go for the Union, &c.

The Seventh, always first on hand,  
Soon rallied under their command,  
To march, &c.  
For rallying never takes them long,  
The Boys turned out one thousand strong.  
To march, &c.  
CHORUS—We all go for the Union, &c.

The Seventh, when work 's to be done,  
Are up and dressed a Number One.  
And come, and come, and come from New York City.  
How otherwise when such a man  
As Colonel Lefferts heads our van,  
And leads, and leads, and leads us on to victory.  
CHORUS—We all go for the Union, &c.

'Twas thought that going up the Bay  
That on us with their guns they'd play.  
And drive, and drive, and drive us out of Dixey.  
But if they had 'twould run their snell,  
For we such spirits soon can quell,  
And drive, &c.  
CHORUS—We all go for the Union, &c.

Annapolis we reached at last,  
And thought all our privations past.  
We'd found, we'd found, we'd found thus far in Dixey;  
Our rations in the damaged fort,  
Made soldiering not an easy sport,  
Away, &c.  
CHORUS—We all go for the Union, &c.

Three cheers, then, for our starry flag,  
About it we've a right to brag,  
It waves, it waves, it waves for all the Union.  
And no Palmetto flag so bold,  
Can dim a star or ruffle a fold,  
It waves, &c.  
CHORUS—We all go for the Union, &c.

On Friday all right to a man,  
Allegiance swore to Uncle Sam,  
To fight, to fight, to fight for peace and Union.  
And when we've made the Union sound  
We'll travel off Dixey's ground,  
And march, and march, and march for New York city.  
CHORUS—We all go for the Union, &c.

Some telegram, by hands profane,  
Had caused our loved ones hours of pain,  
Away, away, away in New York city.  
That Company B, under Captain Speaight,  
Had met a most untimely fate.  
While on, while on, while on the way to Dixey.  
CHORUS—We all go for the Union, &c.

White on, white on, white on the way to Dixey;  
He soon would taste of hanging boys.  
If he fell in with our gallant boys,  
Who come, who come, who come from N. York city  
God bless our loved ones far away,  
And bring about a speedy day,  
To go, to go, to go to New York city.  
And may we soon our homes regain  
And be with those we love again,  
Away, away, away in New York city.

THE DESPERATE STAKE

OR,  
THE LAST HAND IN THE GAME OF LIFE.

A TALE OF NEW YORK NOW-A-DAYS.

ILLUSTRATIVE OF VICE AND VIRTUE IN THE GREAT METROPOLIS; LOVE, MURDER, AMBITION, REVENGE, THE FIRST FOR GOLD, INCENDIARISM, THE FIREMEN, TRACT SOCIETIES, POLITICS, POLICE, THE UPPER AND THE LOWER CRUST, THE COURT, THE PRISON, ETC., ETC.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,  
BY JOHN F. POOLE,  
Dramatist.

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Alastor Gripp's Intelligence Office—A Shining Light—Amy Answers an Advertisement—Mrs. Manders—A Wolf in Sheep's Clothing—Bounce in the Way—Amy Gets a Situation—An Estimable Old Lady—Bounce has a "Big Thing" on Gripp—The Victim Entrapped—The Society for the Reformation of Mutilated Horse Marines—A Discomfited Gripp on His Muscles—The Doctor—Gripp's Bedroom, "A Woman in It"—Sister Verdigris Enquiring "What Did He Want With Her?"—A Satisfactory Reply—"To Convert Her"—Amy Free.

AMY STERN, after leaving her mother's humble home on the day on which our story opened, proceeded to the

"Intelligence Office" of Alastor Gripp in — street. In the *Herald* of that day she read the following advertisement.  
"WANTED.—A young lady of good address, pleasing manners, and neat personal appearance, to act as companion to an elderly lady; none need apply except such as can furnish undoubted reference as to integrity, industry, and moral character. Salary is not an object, if the applicant is of a kind and agreeable disposition. Apply at Gripp's Intelligence Office, 497 — street, between the hours of 1 and 2 P. M. to day."

Upon reading the above, Amy resolved to apply for the situation, believing that she would answer the requirements. She did not tell her mother of her intention, as she was loth to raise hopes that might be soon dashed to the ground.

At a quarter past one, she was at the office. Mr. Gripp was seated at his desk; in a rack before him were a number of bound books; on the desk lay an open book, in which were registered the names of the applicants for situations who had paid to Mr. Gripp the customary fee of half a dollar; beside the book lay a pile of opened letters. These were kept for show; for Mr. Gripp's diurnal receipt of letters was limited to an average of three.

Just look at Mr. Alastor Gripp. See his reverend countenance, beaming with the effulgent light of christianity—modern christianity. Behold his devout upturned eye. Witness his sleek hair, damped and combed back from his forehead. Twig his spotless white cravat, an emblem of the purity of the good Mr. Gripp himself. Gaze upon his sharp nose, his angular chin—ah! no roundness, no redness, no evidences of indulgence in the gluttonies of the world about Mr. Alastor Gripp. Feast your eyes upon Mr. Gripp's entire person—his *lout ensemble*—and then tell us did you ever see such a perfect tableau of sanctity as Mr. G. presented.

Mr. G. was a prominent member of the Rev. Judas Karknreed's temple. Mr. G. was a sabbatarian; also a class leader; also president of the society for the distribution of tracts to the Esquimaux babies; likewise chairman of the "Association for the Relief of Reformed Prize Fighters, Play Actors, and Danceses;" as well as holder of various other charitable offices.

As Amy approached the good man's desk, he addressed her:—

"Well, my dear?" It is impossible to convey to the reader the fatherly intonation of Gripp's "my dear."

"I saw an advertisement in the *Herald* of to-day for a companion to a lady and—

"Oh, yes, I see—called to see about it. Step this way, my dear." And Gripp opened the little gate in the railing that enclosed his desk room.

Amy entered timidly.

"Sit down, my dear, sit down." He pointed to the lounge, and turned on his bench so as to face her.

"What is your name, my dear?"

"Amy Sterne, sir?"

"Amy Sterne. A very pretty name. But, ah, what is a name unless good words accompany it. Have you parents in this city?"

"A mother, sir. My father has been dead a year."

"Ah, indeed?" The worthy man's tone was more pleasant than the information he received would seem to warrant. "You reside with your mother, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you any other relations besides your mother?"

"A brother, sir."

"A brother, the dev— Is your brother older than yourself?"

"Oh, no, sir; he is but seven years old."

Good Mr. Gripp seemed pleased.

"In what situation were you last?" he asked.

"I have never been at service before, sir."

"Never?"

"Never, sir. My parents were wealthy, but when my father died it was found that he was heavily in debt—there were mortgages and other things, which I do not understand. A lawsuit was commenced, and when it ended we were beggared."

"Sad, sad, indeed! My heart bleeds for you, my dear!—my heart bleeds for you! Bounce, what are you standing there for idling your time away? don't you know that 'Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do.'" The latter part of the speech was addressed to Mr. Gripp's boy, Bounce, who was standing near the desk, his eyes fixed on Amy.

"I suppose you have good references, my dear," he said again addressing the applicant. "Mrs. Manders, the lady who desires the companion is a very particular person—very estimable, but very particular. She is a moral woman, my dear, and one whose companionship, if you are fortunate enough to suit her, will be better to you than gold, yea, gold twice refined."

"I trust I shall suit her, for, oh! I do want a situation, where I may be able by honest labor to assist my mother and brother, Robert."

"I doubt not but you shall suit her. It is now ten minutes to two, I expect the lady every moment. 'Well, what do you want?' he asked, turning to address a rather homely, but neatly dressed person who entered.

"I called in answer to an advertisement in the *Herald*. A lady wanting a companion."

"Too late, the place is filled."

The homely girl went away disappointed.

"Old Gripp seems sweet on that gal. Shouldn't wonder if he's up to the same game he played on that Fourteenth street gal two months ago, Josh darned old hypocrite!" was the soliloquy of Bounce, as he stood by the door, balancing the office slate on his chin.

A carriage rolled up to the door; a lady alighted, and entered. Mr. Gripp immediately left his stool and advanced to meet her.

"Bounce, go drive those little boys away from the window," said Mr. G.

"There ain't no boys there," said Bounce.

"Take the broom and sweep off the sidewalk."

"I swept it a minute ago," answered Bounce.

"There, go for the evening *Express*," and Mr. G. handed him some money.

"T won't be up for an hour yet"

"Bounce, go over to the North River and enquire at what time the Albany boat leaves."

"Five o'clock," said Bounce.

"Then, go purchase me a ticket," and Gripp placed half a dollar in his hand.

Bounce had no choice but to go, so off he started.

"Thinks I'm a fool, imagines I can't tell a one horse boat from a Johnny cake," muttered Bounce as he departed.

"Well, if that's his idea he's greener than spring clover. I seed enough to know that ere's Nance Nesbitt came in that ere carriage. Well, I may live to see them ride together in a nice carriage some day. The Black Maria, that's no carriage for them."

"Have you got one?" asked the lady in a tone more familiar than that usually employed by ladies addressing strangers.

"Haven't I? I just have, one of the right sort, got nobody but a mother and a little brother." Answered Mr. G.

"All right, introduce me."

"Be careful, remember you're a lady."

"If you think I don't know how to act, you'd better get some one else," said the "lady" somewhat nettled.

"Nonsense, nonsense, come Mrs. Manders. Miss Sterne—Sterne, I believe you said—This is the young person, madame, who has applied for the situation."

It is needless to relate the conversation that ensued between "the lady" and Amy; suffice it, that, on Mr. Gripp's recommendation, she was accepted, the terms agreed upon were liberal, and Amy's heart beat light, she would now be able to rescue her mother from the pangs of abject poverty. Little Robert should be well dressed and go to school; castle upon castle was built in air, on a foundation—how slight she little dreamed.

As Mr. Gripps clock struck four, Mrs. Manders took her departure, promising to return in a quarter of an hour for Amy, in order to bring her to her new home.

Amy would fain have returned home at once, to convey her good fortune to her mother, but to this Mrs. Manders objected. To-morrow she would go with her to her mother's abode and see what could be done for her benefit. Good, kind Mr. Gripp, too, promised to lay her case before the next meeting of the New-tract-and-old-clo' society. Amy gave in, fearful that a persistence in her wish might lose her the situation she had obtained.

Six o'clock, and Mrs. Manders had not yet returned. Master Gripp was about to close his establishment.

Mrs. Manders, estimable soul, must have been delayed at the Spinster Sewing Circle, but she would soon be here.

"As I am about to close up, we will step up stairs to the parlor, where you will meet my housekeeper, another good soul, Miss Sterne, and we will pass the time till Mrs. Manders' return in reading a chapter from the good book."

The last shutter was up. The door locked, Mr. Gripp took Amy by the hand and with a fatherly care led her up stairs. The stairs were nicely carpeted, so that the footfall made no sound.

"This way, my dear," and he led her along the carpeted passage, opened a door, and ere she had time to utter a word, pushed her into a room and locked her in.

The room was perfectly dark. For a moment Amy was stunned by the suddenness of the manoeuvre. Then her first impulse was to cry out. This she did lustily, but in vain. Alastor Gripp was the only other occupant of the house. She next tried to burst open the door, but her feeble strength was no match for the stout lock and heavy hinges; she next began to feel about the room, in order to ascertain what sort of apartment she was in.

Moving along the wall on one side she came in contact with a table, she passed her hand over the surface of it. It was entirely empty; moving on, her hand touched something cold, it was a water pitcher, lower down a basin, her heart beat wild with fear; on she moved, she stumbled over a chair, now moving more cautiously her hand touched something soft, it was a garment hanging on the wall, she felt it, by the buttons on it, she knew it was a man's coat; she reached the wall opposite the door, her hand passed over rough boards, it was evidently a window boarded up. Passing on to the other side of the apartment she felt her way, her hand alighted on a turned pillar, faster and faster beat her heart, a step further and a soft substance yielded beneath her touch, it was—a bed.

With one wild shriek she fell upon her knees.

"Betrayed! betrayed!" she exclaimed. Lost! lost! lost! Oh, God! it is terrible."

For some moments she knelt in mute agony; then, with all the fervency of a soul in bitterest distress, she prayed aloud.

"Oh, God of the sorrowing! Father of the fatherless! desert me not in my hour of uttermost need! Save me! save me from a fate worse than death!"

Mr. Gripp sat by his parlor fire chuckling over the success of his scheme. A comfortable parlor was his, on a round table in the centre were scattered circulars, reports, addresses, annual accounts, etc., of the various charitable societies of which Mr. G. was a shining light. Turning to the table Alastor began looking over them to while away the time that should elapse before he visited his victim, for that she should become his victim he never for a moment doubted.

Another man, "or any other man" would have passed the time in company with a decanter and glass, but not so Mr. Gripp. He never drank. "In vino veritas" was his motto, and to indulge in the ardent, and thereby perhaps, give his tongue a chance to make known his little secrets, was not the style of thing for him.

Bounce on being despatched on his errand knew very well that Mr. Gripp had no intention of going to Albany. He guessed right that the object of the errand was simply to get him out of the office. So Bounce very wisely came to the conclusion that it would be very foolish of him to expend the half dollar in the purchase of a ticket which in all probability would never be used.

"Think he's going to buy a ticket nobody wants, no sirree. I wasn't brought up on squash pie and horse-nails to be as green as that at this time of day. I'll keep the fifty cents. Old Grippy 'll never ask me for it, an' if he does I'll tell him I bought the ticket an' lost it. That's the cheese," and Bounce well pleased with himself commenced whistling the variations on "Dixie."

"Wot'll I do with the dust! Oh golly, wot'll I have a bust or nothing. I'll go to the theatre; I'll have a whole quart of peanuts, a pig's foot, and—Moses in the mock auction shop! wot'll I goit. Let me see wot's played to-night."

He stopped at a fence to read the bills.

"New Bowery. 'The Phantom of the Forest; or the Maid of the Potomac.' That's bully! I'm bound to see that, and at Gripp's expense too."

And Bounce fairly danced with delight at the idea of visiting "The Devil's Show Shop" at the expense of the sanctified Gripp.

"Hullo, wot's this!" he shouted, as he stopped to look at a bill, the heading of which was a picture of two pugilistic heroes about to "pitch in." "Sparring exhibition—Benefit of the Cockroach. Gilhooly! I've never been to a sparring exhibition, guess I'll go to this, and let the theatre slide. Tickets a quarter, that's the dumpling."

After looking once more at the place of exhibition and hour of opening, Bounce bounded off giving vent to his feelings in a boisterous rendering of "The Happy Land of Canaan."

Three hours passed away, and Mr. Gripp thought it time to visit his captive bird.

"Now for it," he said, as he took the lighted lamp from the table. "I suppose she'll make a terrible time of it, at first, but she's got to give in; Alastor Gripp is not the man to be frightened from his purpose by the outcries or

pleadings of a weak girl. So now, my tit bit, here's for you."

The last word had scarcely left his mouth when a loud ringing at the street door bell echoed through the silent house.

"What the devil is the meaning of that? Who can it be? Is it that young scamp, Bounce? No, he wouldn't dare to ring at the front door when his bedroom is in the cellar."

Ding-a-ling-ling-ling—another peal.

Mr. Gripp proceeded to the hall door, muttering "curses not loud but deep." Opening it, he found himself face to face with some five and twenty male and female members of the "Society for the Reformation of Mutilated Horse-Marines."

They entered uninvited.

"Good evening, Brother Gripp," said Brother Scrunch, spokesman of the party, "good evening. We were just returning from the semi-monthly meeting of our society, and, by way of a little surprise to you, have called to read to you the quarterly report, knowing that the deep interest which you take in such matters would make our visit a welcome one."

"I am delighted to see you, brothers and sisters—delighted! you are, indeed, most welcome! I wish the whole crew were in here!" he added, to himself.

Alastor was forced to lead the way to his parlor, Brother Scrunch, Sister Verdigris, and all the other brothers and sisters at his heels.

"The devil seize the whole pack," muttered Gripp between his teeth, "to come at such a time. They mustn't stay long, though. The minute their business is ended, off they bundle!"

The reading of the report was begun. Brother Scrunch's nasal drone pierced the ears of his auditors like a two-inch auger. His slow, studied mode of delivery was peculiarly disgusting to Brother Gripp, whose fingers itched to pitch him out of the window.

Brother Scrunch had got about half way through the report, when another report interrupted him.

It was the report of a woman's voice. Brother Gripp started from his seat, pale as a sheet. Amy growing tired of weeping and praying, had once more resolved to try the effect of her lungs. The members all rose. The screams were astonishing.

"Sad people those next door; always fighting," said Gripp, in as calm a tone as he could command. "It's very annoying to live so close to them, a mere plaster partition divides us."

The screams were redoubled this time, accompanied by a violent banging against the door.

"Sounds as if it was overheard," said Brother Scrunch.

"Overhead, and a female voice," joined in Sister Verdigris.

"Overhead to a certainty," put in Brother Gradley.

Brother Gripp turned all sorts of colors.

"We must investigate this matter," said Brother Scrunch.

"Let us see to it at once," said Sister Verdigris.

The screams grew louder, the banging more vigorous.

"I will lead the way," said Brother Scrunch, and the party moved forward.

"Hold!" cried Gripp, interposing between them and the door. "You forget that I am the master of this house, that for what transpires in it I alone am accountable."

"Nay, brother, the practice of charity is the rule of our society, therefore, you will excuse us."

"You shall not meddle here, none of you. I warn you. Go, you are not wanted here, none of you."

Brother Scrunch, instead of parleying words, attempted to force his way past Gripp, who instantly aimed a powerful blow at his head. Scrunch caught the descending arm.

"What?" said Brother Scrunch, "violence? For shame! Remember Watts."

"For, brother, you should never let your angry passions rise; your little hands were never made to black another's eyes."

The members, following the sound of Amy's voice, were soon at the door of her prison. A few stout blows burst it in. Brother Gradley, lamp in hand, entered. Amy rushed forth.

"Brother Gripp's bedroom," said Brother Scrunch.

"And a woman in it!" exclaimed Sister Crawl.

"What could he want with her?" asked Sister Verdigris.

"Perhaps to convert her," answered Brother Scrunch.

CHAPTER VI.

The Sparring Exhibition—Bounce Locked Out—Danny Donohoe—An Invitation to Gripp—"Come Down and Turn Out Like a Man"—"Police!"—A Beautiful Scrimmage—Three "Guardians" Beat the "Devil's Tattoo" on Danny's Conk—Clubs Trumps—Midnight Precocious to the Station House—The Fast Young Men—An Attack on Amy—The Grey Room—A Touching Appeal—Amy Saved by Sir Halley—A Contrast—See You and Go Five Better.

Eight o'clock in the evening found Bounce at the door of the hall where the sparring exhibition was to take place. He was soon seated amongst the crowd, anxiously awaiting his first lesson in the use of the weapons of nature. "Great was his wonder when the fun began."

"It's high," said Bounce, "to see them fellers whack an' stop it, whack an' stop it. But they seem mighty careful of their faces though, or they wouldn't wear them big muffs on their fists. Why don't they throw them off, and go at it fair? That would be fun."

The evening's sport was first-rate. The "boys" were well matched, an uncommon thing at such exhibitions, and good humor was all the go.

Bounce went away delighted.

"Wouldn't I like to see old Gripp made to stand up afore one o' them fellers, neither?" he muttered to himself, as he trotted homeward. "Wouldn't I cry 'Go in, other feller!' Oh, maybe not. Grippy'd be a gone june-bug in less'n no time."

Arrived at the office, he was astonished at finding the cellar door locked. After trying in vain to wrench the staple up with his pocket knife, he timidly rang the bell.

"Who's there?" asked Mr. Gripp, from an upper window.

"It's me, Bounce; I want to get in."

"Go to the devil!" and the window was slammed down.

"Well, here's a go," said Bounce. "Wot's got into Grippy. Guess he's drunk. Gail darned old dunghill cock. Wot's a fell r to do? I don't know one place to go. Nice idea, to walk about all night, like a ghost in a churchyard."

There was no help for it, however; so buttoning his coat about him, he started off at a quick pace, enlivening the silent street with the last edition of "Go it while you're young."

He had not gone very far when he suddenly came to a full stop.

"Yes, that must be it," he soliloquized. "The gal, I'll bet a house and lot to a stale shad he's got her in there. Poor gal!—internal old rascal! By thunder, if I could



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only get some one now to go block his game, wouldn't it be fun?"

Bounce soon resolved to state the case to the first person he met, and ask for assistance to save the girl.

"One pleasant mornin' in the month of May,  
Wid pockets light an' wid spirits airy,  
To Dublin city I took my way,  
An' left behind me swate Tipperary."

The singer was a man muffled up to the chin with a great woolen comforter; he carried a lantern in one hand, and a stout club in the other.

To him Bounce addressed himself. Upon hearing his story through, the man swung his club around in his hand, to the evident danger of Bounce's head.

"Will I go wid you, is it? To be shure I will. It's little time I've to spare this minute, but where there's a girl in a tight corner, an' a fair chance for a bit of a scrimmage, Danny Donohoe 'd go if Saint Pether was waitin' for him. Start on, youngster, I'm after you, as the devil said to the guaner."

"Arrah, at Donnybrook fair, in the season for jiggin' it,  
Och, the diversions, the rows, and the fun,  
Climbin' grassed poles, yes, an' chasing the pig in it,  
Fighthin' for glory when dancing was done."

Mr. Gripp was once more disturbed by a vigorous ringing at the bell.

"Who's there?" he shouted. "What do you want?"

"That's him," whispered Bounce.

"Faix, I want to come in."

"What do you mean?"

"I mane I'd like to be after taking a peep at the interior of your establishment."

Without a word Mr. Gripp closed the window.

"So it's wid contempt you'd be after tratin' me, is it? bedad, I'll be after thryin' the bell again."

"Ring like blazes!" cried Bounce.

And Danny Donohoe did ring "like blazes"—so much so that the wire soon parted company with the handle.

"Be me sowl, but the thing's bursted! Well, I've me bit of blackthorn left, an' that's as good as a knocker any day in the week," and Danny lammered away like a good fellow at the door.

The window was raised again, Mr. Gripp's head protruded, and Mr. Gripp's voice was heard.

"Police! police!"

"Bad luck to your impudence! Come down, and turn out like a man! Come down, you vagabond!" shouted Danny, forgetting that he had no cause of quarrel with the man above, or no proof of any criminal action on his part, only the word of a boy, a stranger to him, to maintain his actions.

"Police! police! Robbers! Murder! Police!"

Danny's blows fell faster.

A policeman—a recent addition to the force, who had not yet learned to keep out of the way when wanted—made his appearance. In an instant he had Danny by the collar.

"I've got you, have I? Come, no resistance!" and he poised his club in air.

But Danny's blood was up. He proved too quick for the guardian of the night. With a blow of his "blackthorn" he stretched him on the stoop.

Bounce, frightened at the turn things had taken, darted off up the street. Danny was about to follow his example, when the fallen officer caught him by the leg, and he landed on top of him. As he fell, the blackthorn flew from his hand and alighted on the sidewalk. A struggle ensued, and Danny used his lantern on the guardian's "conk" with such good effect that he must have won the day—the night rather—but for the sudden appearance on the scene of two more officers. Danny was soon in their grasp; but the "fight" was not yet out of him. Planting a stunning sockdologer on the ogle of one of the "shields," he broke from the grasp of the other, and started off like a deer. The others were soon in pursuit. He hadn't led the chase far, when he tripped over a loose coal-hole grating and was pitched headlong, falling heavily. Ere he had time to rise three locusts were beating the devil's tattoo on his head.

The tattoo finished, senseless and bleeding, he was fetched into a wagon which stood at the door of a grocery near by, and carted off to the station house, to answer—if he should survive the drumming on the braincase—the treble charge of attempt at burglary, resisting the officers of the law, and attempting to murder three of the aforesaid officers.

Amy Sterne, on being freed from her prison, stopped not even to thank her deliverers, but fled down the stairs and out into the street. Her way home lay through Canal street. The stores were all closed, and there were but few pedestrians in the street. At the corner of West Broadway, she passed a couple of young bucks. They moved a pace forward, and stared at her as she went by. She heeded them not, but hurried on her way.

"Good looking piece of calico, Frank!" said one.

"Good looking!—she's beautiful! She's a bird worth catching!" To be continued.

ORITANY.—Death has made sad havoc in the ranks of those connected directly or indirectly with the stage and orchestra during the past week. First we were startled by the news that J. M. Nixon had lost the major part of his circus property through the sinking of a vessel on which they were on board; but this would be pleasing news to him when compared with that noticing the loss of his son at the same time. Next we were informed of the decease of Mr. Ebbon, for some time organist at Trinity Church; then the death of Prof. Anthony Heinrich, musical composer, &c.; and last but not least, a most fitting paper that caught our eye in the morning papers of to-day, (Monday, 6th inst.) was headed, "Death of Edward G. P. Wilkins," the well known dramatist and critic. This is a sad paragraph, and will carry sorrow to the hearts of many, but as chroniclers of events we must record them, painful though it be. Further particulars will be seen in our theatrical summary.

"THE AMERICAN TOUR REGISTER AND RACING CALENDAR," is the title of a neat compilation of 118 pages, by Edward E. Jones, Esq., of Fulton street, New York. This neat volume contains complete and correct reports of "All the Races in the United States and Canada, during the year 1860," with a good stock of other interesting information, in keeping with its title. It should be in the hands of every true turf sportsman. Mr. Jones has been quite expeditious in compiling and editing his work, and getting it first in the field.

THE UNION SOLD published in this week's CLIPPER, composed by F. C. Filley, and dedicated to the National Guard, 7th Regiment, will be read and, we doubt not, read with considerable gusto by the readers of the CLIPPER and the numerous friends of that gallant corps. It gives us most satisfaction to know that the boys on the war trail, do not forget us while absent, and that the CLIPPER, come what come, is still considered as their organ. To Messrs. Kappner and Stuart, our thanks are due for their kind consideration.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION AND FORT SUMTER.—We return our thanks to Mr. Edward Carpenter, for a present of a piece of the flag staff and a portion of the flag that waved over Fort Sumter. It was brought on to this city by John Magraw, ship carpenter of the Baltic, and is an undoubted memento of the glorious stars and stripes, the honor of which was nobly upheld by Major Anderson and his followers in their defence of that now celebrated fortress.

CRICKET AND BASE BALL.—Owing to the unfavorable and changing state of the weather of late, as well as the war excitement, but little has been done at either of these games, and we are sorry to be compelled to add, that but few matches of importance are likely to take place. Matters may soon improve, however, which we sincerely hope may be the case.

NEW YORK VS ST. GEORGE.—The cause of the difficulty in getting a cricket match on between these two clubs might be removed, we think, by playing a grand match, at which an admission fee shall be charged, the proceeds to go towards equipping the "British Volunteers." Who seconds the motion?

## NEW YORK CLIPPER.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Questions sent in by Friday, will, if possible, be attended to in the succeeding issue of the CLIPPER. The vast amount of correspondence we are in receipt of, prevents us from attending to all immediately.

Box 675, Milan, O.—1. The same as for one insertion. 2. You had better subscribe for the paper, as we don't include that in the contract at any time.

FRANK MARON, Delverport, Ia.—As you intend visiting St. Joseph, and anyone state an answer is not necessary, it would be useless to publish your challenge.

OLD SCHICKEL.—If a criminal breaks from jail, and is afterwards arrested, he is detained until the term of his incarceration has expired, the time of his absence not being included.

F. B. C., New York.—Persons are not allowed on the stage, or behind the scenes, unless by favor of some one connected with the theatre.

INSURER, Steubenville, O.—We have not yet seen it advertised. Bully for the Union.

T. B. O., Sherbrooke, C. E.—The letter was duly forwarded.

P. P., Philadelphia.—We take pleasure in replying to all questions of a proper character.

JOHN H., Halifax.—The letter was for the lady you named, and not for you.

G. S. H., Independence, Mo.—The leaning tower of Pisa is 190 feet high.

W. H. C., N. Y.—Your verses are by no means suitable for our columns.

MUSIC.—The violin.

N. P. H., Fulton, N. Y.—The letter was forwarded as you directed.

## THE INTERNATIONAL SCULLING MATCH.

## CHAMBERS DECLINES THE CONTEST.

## WARD CHAMPION SCULLER OF THE WORLD.

This event, the taking place of which was looked forward to with so much interest by the aquatic fraternity on both sides of the Atlantic, and which has hitherto been considered on the docket, to take place without fail, is, we are informed by Mr. Farish, the agent of Chambers here, not to take place, as Chambers declines entering into the contest further. Chambers alleges as an excuse, that Clasper who was to accompany him here, has entered into engagements which will prevent his coming, and further adds, that he, Chambers, would not sign any other articles than those sent to Ward by him, and to which Ward suggested some slight modifications. Perhaps, owing to the war pressure existing at the present time, it were better that the match should not be proceeded with, but still, we cannot help but think that such an inglorious back out, under such a flimsy pretext as offered by Chambers, is a considerable discount on the much boasted British pluck of which we have heard so much and seen so little of late. Chambers complains also, of the delay in returning articles, but such a complaint, as his agent here knows, is entirely without foundation, as the utmost expedition was used to return them, having been detained here but two weeks and even if there had been any longer delay, it would have been as much chargeable to Chambers' agent, as to Ward and his friends who conjointly used their utmost exertions to get the stakeholder named by Mr. Chambers to act. However, as the matter stands, it were useless to indulge in recrimination, and all we can advise Ward, who will without a doubt feel greatly disappointed, to do, is, to lay on his oars, and wait for some one to turn up more worthy of his prowess. Farish further states that Chambers would not agree to have any one else stakeholder but Ten Broeck or some one residing in England. Why didn't they name Dowling the immediate, so that another Farnborough dodge might have been brought about? After hearing what Ward has to say, who as yet is ignorant of Chambers' back down, we may possibly make some further comments on the affair. As it is, we are of opinion that Ward may now be fairly considered the Champion Sculler of the World.

## OFFENSIVE AND DEFENSIVE.

Our attention is naturally directed, in common with every true patriot, to the intestine war which now reigns rampant among us. A few remarks cannot be deemed inconsistent on a subject which commands universal attention, not only here, where the disgraceful drama is being enacted; but over all the world, wherever the march of civilization has left its foot print.

It is not necessary to enter into a recapitulation of the origin of the treasonable phase now presented. Suffice it that, war, civil war, has actually been inaugurated, and on a gigantic scale. For a time, the Federal Government acted on the defensive; and those who did not fully understand the forth coming policy of the government, were too impetuous to brook such seeming tardiness in a cause, which to them, demanded instantaneous action. Americans are naturally sanguine; and when defiance was hurled from the South, with epithetic allusion to Northern cowardice—then it was that the American blood began to set the hearts of the people in unusual agitation; and the Press caught the spirit, and united in urging immediate action. The government, strong in its policy, yet remained on the defensive; biding its time with stoical indifference, seemingly, to the Hotspur demands made upon it for offensive action. At length, "forbearance ceased to be a virtue," and the government came forth in the potent majesty of a people's will, and called for seventy five thousand volunteers to suppress the rebellion. Previously, however, the President, desirous to spare all unnecessary effusion of blood, had commanded "all persons forming combinations against the Federal Government, to disperse and retire peaceably to their respective abodes, within twenty days from that date." The twenty days grace ended on the 5th inst. The rebels despise the command. From the above date, therefore, the administration may be considered as assuming an offensive form. A second call for 42,000 volunteers, additional to the first 75,000, with 14,000 regulars, and 22,000 additional; 5,000 seamen now in the Navy, and an additional 15,000 called for will make in the aggregate, for the present, military and naval, 176,000 men. Promptitude, therefore, seems the order of the day at Washington, and should dire necessity require it, additional hosts of volunteers will be forth coming in support of the Union. Our volunteer regiments from New York are specimens of the spirit of the people to put down rebellious foes; while the desire evinced by the commissariat department to equip and provide for the men in the shortest possible time, and with efficiency, are evidences that all will be done that can be done to render their services effectual and make them as comfortable as can be expected while subjected to the exigencies of a soldier's life.

All skepticism respecting the power and will of the Government has departed. The people are satisfied. The fiat has gone forth. Hear what the President, Mr. Lincoln, says in his new call for volunteers:—"The power confided to me, will be used to hold, occupy, and possess the property and places belonging to the Government, and collect the duties and imposts; but beyond what may be necessary for those objects, there will be no invasion—no using of force against or among the people anywhere." That has the unmistakable ring of the true metal in it. "The power confided to him will be used." That will do. "Government property will be held—Government places occupied, duties and imposts will be collected." Our leaders are "going ahead," and where they lead—the brave volunteers of New York, and every Northern and Western State, will surely follow. Victory will soon, we hope, perch, as ever, on "The Star-spangled Banner," and foul treason, ere long, bid her disheveled head. In dismissing this subject for the present, we cannot but commend the careful but vigorous course the Government appear to be pursuing. The rebels have had their day on the offensive—they can now try their tactics on the defensive.

CRICKET MATCH.—The Members of the "Crescent City" (New Orleans) and the "Louisiana" Cricket Clubs, met on the Delachaise ground, at 12 o'clock, on the 27th ult., to make arrangements for a friendly match. Cricket is an excellent means to fit young men for the arduous duties of a soldier's life. We again recommend it to all the readers of the CLIPPER.

THE BIG SHIP.—The steamship Great Eastern is expected to arrive here about the end of the present week, and it is intended, we understand, that she shall be open for exhibition for a few days, the price of admission being set at 50 cents. We strongly suspect, that owing to the war excitement now prevailing, that but few half dollars will find their way into the treasury of the ark. We would suggest, however, that pleasure trips for soldiers alone be instituted, say, from here to Washington, or as near as she can approach that city. If some such plan was adopted, she would make short work of transporting all our troops, bag and baggage, to their destination. Of course, the passengers might forego the pleasure of a return trip. Some such plan as this would put money in the purses of the Messieurs Managers of the big ship, and would be doing good service to Uncle Sam into the bargain. We must have no shortallowances of water, however. Who will attend to the matter?

SPORTS AHEAD AT MUSCATINE.—From reliable information, we are pleased to record the fact that, Muscatine is rapidly progressing in useful and ennobling sports. A neat little sailing craft has just been completed; a clinker boat to follow, per order of a new boat club lately organized. A spirited horse-race is on the tapis, between Fred Dodge's crack horse, and "Young Bashaw," and a Gymnasium of the first class, under the auspices of a spirited gent from St. Louis, are some of the dawnings of better days for Muscatine. Another pleasing feature our informant gives us, to use his own words; that—"The number of 'CLIPPERS' taken here is a good proof of the fact that sports are increasing." An amateur dramatic association is also being formed. "The Campbell's and the Swiss Bell Ringers, have also been among our Muscatine friends, and found a welcome."

CANINE CONTESTS STILL GOING ON.—While our police are on the qui vive for articles contraband of war departing from our shores, our dog fighters, under cover of the excitement, are carrying on their nefarious traffic. One day last week a fight took place in private, between Harry Jennings' champion dog Noble and Jake Roome's dog Billy, which, after two hours and twenty-nine minutes hard tugging and biting the latter won without a turn having been had, as when Jennings' dog was called upon to turn, it refused, and soon after died, while Roome's dog, which had one or two fits during the contest, scratched with alacrity. The affair, as the dog fighters term it, was a bully fight. When will dog fighting be rooted out from our midst?

THE CLIPPER AT WASHINGTON.—Mr. John Heaney a well known New Yorker and one of those brave fellows that composed the New York Volunteers in the time of the Mexican war, left this city, recently, with a brigade of New York Newsboys to supply the Union troops with New York papers. Mr. Heaney has taken measures to fully supply the CLIPPER, to our readers there.

A FLYING LEAP.—A most extraordinary leap of a horse is mentioned in English papers. The horse ran away, and under full speed, approached a turnpike gate, and cleared it at a bound. The gate was over five feet six inches high, and the horse, when he took his flying leap, was distant from the gate eighteen feet eight inches.

FLORA TEMPLE AND PRINCESS MATCHED.—We learn that these two fast mares are matched to trot on the 21st inst. The race to be mile heats, to wagons, best three in five, for a stake of \$250 a side. It has not yet been decided on what course the competitors will join issue.

THE INTERNATIONAL is the title bestowed upon a new billiard saloon lately opened in Omaha City, Nebraska, by John and Randall Shaw. It is said to excel, in taste and elegance, any other billiard saloon ever opened in the upper country.

ACCIDENT IN A GYMNASIUM.—On the 30th ult., while a young lad, son of James Parson, merchant tailor, Albany, was practicing in the Gymnasium attached to the Boy's Academy, he fell and broke his arm between the wrist and elbow.

## SUMMARY OF WAR NEWS.

## AND NOTABLE INCIDENTS.

MACHINE POETRY.—The following lines, forwarded us by a lady at Sand Lake, N. Y., were suggested by reading the account of the evacuation of and the evacuation in Fort Sumter:—

Once on a time a Virginian Knight,  
All booted and spurred and "epil" for fight;  
With knives and with pistols, and gay colored shirt,  
Got into Fort Sumter without being hurt.

The knight of Virginia, as Beauregard's aid,  
Could walk through the Fort without being afraid;  
In the course of his travels he chanced to espy  
A tumbler of liquor, and being somewhat "dry,"

He quaffed the full bumper of atropine p-tash-lye.  
The surgeon said: "Colonel, you row are undone,"  
While Anderson's boys were enjoying the fun.  
Our hero, in terror, cried: "What shall I do?"

Dear doctor my life is depending on you,  
The surgeon then gave him a purge and a puke,  
And soon this bold soldier Fort Sumter forsook.  
This knight of Virginia, so gallant and bold.

For the sake of his country his name should be told;  
You may say, Mr. Clipper, should any inquirer,  
The name of my hero is—Roger A. Pryor!

WORTHY OF RECORD.—Red Wing in Minnesota as its name symbolizes, contains, it appears, a good round number of jolly and courageous fellows. At a late enthusiastic meeting there, loud calls were made for "Older" who came forward, and said that he appeared in the unusual capacity of a militia man. It soon appeared, however, that he was chosen to be the captain of a volunteer band. Colville said he would act and not talk, and then invited volunteers to come forward and sign their names on the drum head. Forty names were immediately put down; after which the following noble resolution passed unanimously: Resolved, That those individuals in our midst who turn their backs upon their country in the hour of peril and danger, and forsake the glorious Old Stars and Stripes, that has protected them in their lives and liberties, that has so long been a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, deserve the scorn and contempt of all good and loyal citizens. Another resolution then passed—that Capt. Colville is authorized to tender the services of his company to the Governor. The tender being made—the Governor returned this laconic reply:—"Capt. Colville your company is accepted—Drill—be ready to march."

WILSON'S BOYS ADMIRER IN MASSACHUSETTS.—Some bold fellow, to us, personally, "a stranger," writes that his sympathies are with Wilson's Regiment. He alludes to their oath to go to Washington through Baltimore, and adds: "I do not know one of them except by reputation, but I know that when such a set of men have sworn to do a thing, it is as good as done. When that Regiment arrives in Baltimore may I be there to see, as I intend to. I hope to be able, in case of a fight, to join them with revolver, bowie, six feet one inch, and one hundred and ninety-nine pounds of good bone and muscle, and if we don't show those Plug Uglies some new capers, call me a mouse. I hope they will not provoke a quarrel, but if there must be one, give it to them so they will remember the late occurrence to the last day of their lives."

YOUTHFUL PATRIOTISM.—A boy, aged about nineteen, living within four miles of Sterling, Ill., who, while engaged with his father in dragging wheat, having heard some volunteers were enlisting, threw down his lines, and bidding his father good bye, told him he was off for the war, and would come home and enlist. The father need not grieve at his absence. Such a son as that, will return safe or die a hero! Another young man, engaged to work for the summer, having heard of a volunteer company in Sterling, asked his employer to release him from his engagement; this was refused, backed up by the threat that if he went he should forfeit his wages due. The young patriot forfeited his wages, and enlisted. The conduct of the youth is magnanimous—that of his employer, mean and contemptible.

A YOUNG FIGHTER.—At the Military Institute, located in Frankfort, Ky., the cadets afflicted with the secession fever talked against an old fier who served in the war of 1812 and tried to discover on which side he adhered to. He was rather taciturn, but there was a storm of rage within him. One evening, being bantered rather harshly, he pulled out of his old life, and sitting down, sent forth Yankee Doodle with its shrill strains. Then he played Hail Columbia, and then the Star-spangled Banner, while the tears rolled down his aged and weather-beaten cheeks. Concluding that he jumped to his feet and exclaimed:—"Now, damn 'em, I guess they know which side I'm on!" He then gave three cheers for the Union, and swore to stand by it till death.

A PLUCKY PRAGER AND A BARBER'S REVENGE!—On Sunday, the 21st ult., Rev. Henry A. Wise, Jr., son of the ex-Governor of Virginia, at West Philadelphia, left out the name of the President in his prayer. Mr. Drexel, one of the leading members of the church, immediately demanded that the preacher should repeat the prayer correctly. Rev. Mr. Wise refused. He was then compelled to descend from the pulpit and leave the church. Going into a barber's shop to get shaved a day or two after, he began to talk secession talk while the barber was shaving him. The barber indignantly cannot, and sent the divine secessionist out of the shop—half-shaved! It would take!

FEMALE VOLUNTEERS.—At Leavenworth, Ind., while a steamboat was loading to receive passengers for Cincinnati, a company of volunteer women, armed with rifles, marched down from the Common, where they had been drilling, and fired a salute. It is said they handled the weapons with ease, and presented a very creditable appearance.

THE OFFICERS OF THE GALLANT FIRE ZOUAVES ARE: Colonel, E. Ewer Ellsworth; Lieut.-Col., Noah L. Farnham, (Assistant Engineer); Major, John A. Cregeir, (late candidate for Chief); Companies and Captains: A, Johnny Coyte; B, Ed. Burns; C, Mike Murphy; (Diamond Mike); D, Jack Downing; E, J. B. Levereth, (Fire editor of the Evening Star); F, W. H. Burns; G, Nick Tagan; H, Billy Hackett; I, Jack Waddy; J, Andy Purcell. Harry and Johnny Lazarus, Mike Trainer, and Scotty of Brooklyn are in Company G, commanded by Mick Tagan, of 13 Engine. Nearly all the officers were presented with handsome swords, and were told 41 Hoses boys gave Diamond Mike two of these "kimmers." The fire laddies are just the stuff to quench the Fire Eaters, and they'll do it!

JOLLY!—A Southern merchant wrote to a large firm on here for a list of the names of parties sympathizing with the "movement against the South." The New Yorker replied by sending through Adams' Express a copy of the "City Directory." The best thing of the season decidedly. Ex President Tyler, with his son, Bob, have gone over to the Rebels. Poor children, we pity you, but hope you will both come to the same end as your namesake, Walt Tyler, who tried a similar game, many years ago. If there's any more of your kind, pray hurry up and travel.

ALARM! UTICA!—A party of volunteers crossed the river into Utica in the evening of the 1st inst., and being covered with blankets and quilts, were taken for a pack of savages by the innocent citizens. To add to the alarm, the volunteers went bounding through the streets, as they proceeded to their quarters. Every body ran hither and thither to see what was the matter. Some thought Jeff Davis had come to seek the town; others, felt comforted in the hope that Copway had a party of lads with him to offer to the government. At any rate, people started, rubbed their eyes, "blessed their stars," and their prayers, and went to bed.

INTERESTING.—On Tuesday evening, the 23d ult., a highly-affecting incident occurred at the quarters of the 6th regiment, Brooklyn Hall, Boston. Major Watson introduced Miss Lizzie Cannon Jones, daughter of Col. Jones, to the regiment as the daughter of the regiment. The Major led her along the line, and thus addressed the troops:—"I ask you, fellow-soldiers, to give three cheers for your daughter, Lizzie Cannon Jones." (Loud cheers.) Miss Lizzie, late the Colonel's, now the regiment's daughter, "a pretty child of twelve years." Her mother and other ladies who were present, were much affected by the incident.

MORE VOLUNTEER BOXERS.—Jack Nelson, who fought Mackey about two years since, has raised a company at Hartford, Conn., of which he was elected Captain, and Harry Finneas 1st Lieutenant. Their services have been accepted by the Governor, and they were at once put in commission and are now encamped on the Arsenal grounds about two miles from the city. If the men composing the company are of the same metal as their officers, they will get first knock down, first blood, and first fall in every set-to with the enemy.

The old 28th regiment, of Brooklyn, composed mostly of German citizens, 800 strong, embarked on the steamer Star of the South on the 28th ult., to proceed to the battle field. They were, with few exceptions, a fine body of men, and marched in excellent order to the strains of Myer's brass band. Throughout their route, in Brooklyn in particular, they were enthusiastically applauded.

A PROPHECY IN PHILADELPHIA.—The Rev. J. G. Butler, pastor of the Walnut-street Presbyterian church, in a sermon preached on Sunday evening, April 28th, uttered this remarkable prophecy:—"HEAVEN has rebuked the love of the North for gain; now, it is expending its wealth nobly in support of our great Government. As surely will the Infinite God rebuke the South for its assumed, haughty superiority." There is more than probability that the prophecy will be fulfilled.

A BALLOONIST AMONG THE SECESSIONISTS.—Prof. Lowe, the balloonist, has been among the secessionists recently. He started in his balloon from Cincinnati on the 20th ult., and landed at Union Court House, South Carolina, on the morning of the 21st. The people were greatly alarmed, thinking the destroying angel had come, and refused to allow him to land, unless he would consent to be locked up in jail. This he assented to, but was prevented by a gentleman, who took him to his own house. He left for Columbia the same day.

PRINTERS TO THE WAR!—The Salem Weekly Times, of Indiana, leads off with the following soul-stirring exhortation:—"We are left alone in the Times office. Our partner, A. C. Trumbold, and our journeyman, O. T. Kendall, have responded to their country's call. Our whole heart is with them; and then the enthusiastic partner adds:—"Were it not that an attack of fever in our infancy, had disabled us from ever becoming a soldier, we would be with them."

THE SHERLOCK GUARDS, of Detroit, Mich., under the Captaincy of Manager E. T. Sherlock, were mustered into service, and enlisted on duty on the 8th inst. Accustomed as their worthy Captain is to management in his various phases, we doubt not they will achieve success under his tuition and guidance, and prove themselves stars of the first magnitude.

OVER ONE HUNDRED EFFIGIES of Jeff Davis ornament our thoroughfares, and not a few of Old Bauregard, the latter being choked with "sober clothes" on. It takes a deal of bad usage to get New York so saguinary, and we hope some of the sleek traders in our midst will be warned ere they too are swung up in reality. No more tardiness can be tolerated.

THE AMATEUR ACTORS AND THE VOLUNTEER FUND.—A correspondent intimates to us the propriety of a combination of the Dramatic Clubs of this city for the noble purpose of giving a performance at one of the city theatres, the proceeds to be handed over to the treasurer of the Volunteer Fund. Will our Amateur friends take this matter, with which we entirely concur, into consideration?

RACING FOR A DINNER.—The 1st of May, an exciting and amusing race took place between two companies of volunteers on Genesee street, Utica, for a dinner. At first they went at "quick pace," then "double quick"—next a full run until they reached the City Hall. The scramble for the dinner, created much amusement among the citizens.

A YOUNG HERO!—A young Zouave, attached to the Second Ohio Regiment, writing to his mother at Cincinnati, says:—"I am some places the skin of a lion from severe drilling, but I do not complain at all." That has the ring of true metal in it.

A YOUNG HEROINE.—A young lady, daughter of the Governor of Pennsylvania, tore her handkerchief in pieces and distributed them among the boys of the Zouave Guard that were marching through. See is game.

"DRY UP, JOE!"—A young volunteer leaving Easton, Pa., for the war, on bidding his mother "good bye," shed tears. The old woman, instead of putting her kerchief to her eyes, said, "Dry up, Joe, and show your spunk!"

THE BANGS MAN.—Frank P. Dobson has joined the Federal forces, by way of proving his devotion to the Union. He takes one of his short handles along, so as to be able to give the boys a chance to have a break down should the opportunity occur.

It is gratifying to know that the New York regiments, now in Washington, are much respected by the citizens, and that our department and steady habits when off duty, and on the streets. Our "muscle boys" are not so bad, after all!

GOOD!—The Editor of a Milwaukee paper says:—"We expect the North to be a unit; or, if there be a vulgar fraction found, let it be reduced to its lowest possible denomination."

PATRIOTIC SKIRTS.—Away "down East," there is an establishment busily engaged in manufacturing ladies' skirts—called, Baltimore—the new pattern is, "Red, White and Blue."

OMENS OF VICTORY!—The South is confident of victory because a cock-crow, was seen to mount the tomb of Calhoun, flap his wings and crow. It was the crow of a cock that made quill Peter weep.

DUMPERIES, about thirty-five miles south of Alexandria, on the banks of the Potomac, is reported as the head quarters of the Southern Army.

AN APPROPRIATE STANZAS.—The lines below of Dean Swift are recommended to the attention of Jeff Davis:—

"Two beams of radiant,  
One beam crossant,  
One rope pendant,  
A sounder at the end on't!"

A SQUARE DEAL.—In answer to Jeff Davis' note to the President, tendering his Bauregard, we beg leave to recommend our Bowery Guard, under Col. Jimmy Kerrigan, M. C., Mike Norton, Johnny Kerrigan, et al. Most of the Union Rangers hail from the Bowery, and a better title can't be found.

JACK BARNES, well known in boxing circles, has joined Billy Wilson's "Fighting Zouaves." "Chickens," another sport, only 50 cents, is high private in Ellsworth's Company.

GEORGE JORDAN AND MARK SMITH, of "The Cocktail Guards," (as named in a side-splitting caricature by young J. C. Hasey, of the Comic Monthly,) have gone to England by way of Havana, not caring to run the gauntlet through New York. What of the other "Cocktails?"

PRINCEGEAST & BROS., extensive shipping merchants in Baltimore, were the leading Plug Uglies in obstructing the tracks in Pratt street, giving their shills' cables to block the cars, and stoning the Massachusetts' soldiers. Don't forget them, boys!

THE "HOME GUARD" must be waded of all suspicious officials, or they will never get a footing in this city. Rumors that foul and rotten traitors control their movements are getting stronger every day. Smoke 'em out, or roast 'em! not forgetting Mr. Single Eye.

THE DAILY NEWSMAN AND DOOMS DAY BOOK are decomposing fast, and people involuntarily hold their noses while going past their graveyards. A little lime sprinkled in front of the same would n't be a bad idea, for something







## NEW YORK CLIPPER.

DEVOTED TO SPORTS AND PASTIMES—THE DRAMA—PHYSICAL AND MENTAL RECREATIONS, ETC.

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FRANK QUINN, PROPRIETOR,  
No. 29 Ann street, New York.

## NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1861.

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## CIVIL WAR!

How easy it would be to write fables of essays on the dire evils comprehended in those two words—Civil War. Foreign war seems natural in comparison. The first implies war in one great family—gigantic and deadly; the latter, war against an alien foe. How vast, how wide, how deep the gulf of separation between them! This demon, Civil War, is here in our midst. What caused it? An aggressive policy of the North against the South? No. Is this a Republic? Yes. What caused the rebellion? The election of a republican President. "The said—'Guilt makes cowards.' But, are Southern cowards? They feared a republican government—feared that a republican government would initiate hostility, and denude their sunny plantations of the valuable personal property upon them. Thus, fear of approaching danger precipitated Southern aggression; and the seizure, brigandage, of United States property took the lead of further and greater acts, robbery and plunder. Next the roar of cannon announced the full inauguration of civil war! Fort Sumter, with a handful of loyal men, was to be the next target for treason's guns; and then, as if to consummate the traitor-tragedy, men marching to the national capital in obedience to national command, were shot down and stoned to death in the public streets of Baltimore! Can history's darkest page reveal a parallel case of such fratricidal atrocity? Let the historian chronicle it with the eloquent pen of an impartial Macaulay, and no country, in any era, can produce its like! Perhaps, if the curtain were raised, the whole of this wide spread, and wider-spreading evil, could be seen to have its source in the hearts of a few individuals, late in high official position in the councils of their country. Villains of the blackest dye, who could, and did, like Judas, count their pieces of silver; or, Arnold-like, willingly sacrifice their country forever—sell it over to eternal bondage, if they could, for filthy lucre's sake. The only safety now is ACTION. Action on the part of the Constitutional Government—the number is million, who are eager, as one man, to leap forward to the call, to crush out, with the velocity of lightning, and the force of a thunder-bolt, the hydra-headed monster—TREASON! Sweep from this great and glorious country, as by a mighty whirlwind, the greatest curse that ever befel a nation—CIVIL WAR.

MAY DAY.—May is new with us. May has many reminiscences. Manhood loves to look back to boyhood—to the first of May, when he culled the pretty May flower from his little mossy hillock, and gave it to his pretty little female school-mate, with all the fervor of an older enthusiast. Years roll on—the boy is a man—rural scenes are exchanged for city life. The peaceful lowing of the grazing herds are no longer heard. The war bugle and the martial roll of the drum are the sounds. The carol of the robin no longer charms—'tis the shrill music of the life, stirring the life-blood in every vein! What a change! It is not romance—but real, actual. It is here. Here, in our once united and happy land of America. Thousands of young men, abandoning, perhaps forever, kindred and kin; flocks, herds and plough fields—to learn the art of war, and gird on in our merry month of May, the habiliments of war! The next May day, and month of May, may tell a stranger and a better story! May it be so, goes up from tens of thousands of hearts in May, 1861.

MAY.—This month was called Maivus by Romulus, in honor of the senators and nobles of his city, who were termed majores. It is also supposed to be derived from Maia, the mother of Mercury, to whom the Romans sacrificed on the first day. The Saxons called it Tri-Milch, because the new grass caused so great an increase of milk. The ancient Gauls commenced all their great military enterprises in this month, and the adventures of a knight-errant were entered upon on May day. It would be wise, perhaps, for us to adopt the precedent set by the valorous Gauls, and commence our campaign against the rebels as early in May as possible, and inaugurate vigorous measures for their subjugation ere the rebellion assumes greater proportions.

PHYSIC AND PHYSICAL.—Apparently, there is no great difference between those words. Really, there is. Physic is for the sick. The physical needs no physic. Nostrums are for the feeble and enfeebled. Physical treatment, to use a physician's phrase, is administered to the healthy, the robust and intrepid. The less you take of physic, the better you are—the more you take of the other, the better. Therefore, the more physic you take the worse you are; and that physical treatment which the CLIPPER and reason recommend continually, is, we are glad to find, constantly receiving new acquisitions.

ORIGINAL ANSWERS OF LITTLE KNIGHT.—The profession of the stage is full of temptations to the young and ardent aspirant after theatrical honors. It looks blooming like the rose, but—like the rose when its leaves fall off nothing is left but its thorns.

Little Knight better known by that appellation than by any other, the father of the Muevian who came over to this country with his wife—formerly Miss Povey of Drury Lane and more recently of the Park Theatre, used to tell many an amusing anecdote of his professional vicissitudes and among them, the following:

"I was at York—yes sir, at York, the city of York, without a shilling in my pocket, a shoe to my foot, or a shirt for a change. Well sir, what was to be done. I had been living at the George Inn for five days at the expense of the landlord—glorious living sir—plenty to eat and drink, but appetite rather troubled by the certainty of an expiring credit. Landlord looking blue and no means left to say in his favor. Well sir, to raise the matter was impossible and I demanded the best of the most experienced financier.

"I hit it as I thought, that is, I determined to display myself. The only difficulty was a stage. Well sir, I got that. My landlord who was as much interested in my success as myself—lent me a four post bedstead. We covered the sacking bottom with pine boards which we borrowed from a neighboring carpenter. We threw over the frame of the bedstead a quantity of green, red, and grey baize collected together for the special occasion, and so covered the whole in. Our green curtain by the bye, was a thing of shreds and patches, and so piously put together, you would have mistaken it for the coat of many colors—the rainbow of Joseph.

Well sir, we opened our doors to a liberal free list, and a treasury groaning under the load of four and eight pence in two six-penny pieces, and the rest in coppers. The curtain drew up—it was an awful moment. I saw my landlord sitting with his family in the front row of the front boxes, which was only distinguished from the pit by a row of old oak chairs borrowed from the tap-room. He looked unutterable things, the performance began—"four and eight pence, sir, only four and eight pence," he growled out on my appearance. I was dismayed, but still attempted to sustain my part and my own courage under adversity—it was all in vain—at every moment my ear was saluted with the eternal four and eight pence; at length, in a fit of despair, I elevated my voice to an unusual pitch to drown his—my voice cracked—so did the bedstead, my landlord started upon his legs, exclaiming, "By Jove, there the bedstead's gone, all was confusion. I fell, so did the bedstead—my free list friends who had supplied the party colored baize, each eager for his own, thronged around the pile of ruin in which I lay half smothered, tearing away the pomp and circumstance of the scene; at length, aroused to a sense of my condition, I prepared for flight. I escaped, I scarcely know how; but I escaped myself under a hedge for that night, and never returned to my landlord of the George Inn.

THE MESSENGER.—Mr. Showman, what is that? "That, my dear, is the Rhyndochy. He is a cousin German or Dutch relation to the Unicorn. He was born in the desert of Sary Ann, and fed on bamboo and missionaries. He is very courageous, and never leaves home unless he moves, in which case he goes somewhere else, unless he is overtaken by the dark. He was brought to this country much against his will, which accounts for his low spirits when he's melancholy. He is now somewhat aged, but he has seen the day when he was the youngest specimen of animated nature in the world. Pass on, my little dear, and admire the wonder of creation as displayed in the ringtailed monkey, a harlequin can stand hanging like a fellow critter, only it's reversed."

## THE GAME OF CHESS.

COME AT LAST!—OUR PROBLEM TOURNAMENT.—We have at length received a circular of the "CLIPPER CHESS PROBLEM TOURNAMENT," edited by MRS. J. MARSHALL, Esq., published by Robert M. De Witt, 18 Franklin street. A highly gratifying change has been made in the proposed personal appearance of the work—instead of being dressed out in "flexible muslin," as at first proposed, it will now appear in regular book binding, of handsome green and gold, at once rendering the book suitable for a position in the library. Of course with the value this enhances the cost of the work, increasing its price from 50 to 75 cents. Our correspondents may now send in their orders, accompanied by said 75 cents, and receive the book (post paid) by return mail. We need not here take up further space by a description of the book, as a circular, containing a full description and summary of the contents will be at once forwarded to all applicants. An elegant 18 mo. pp. 216. 75 cents.

## ENIGMA No. 275.

BY HERR RUDOLPH WILKINS.

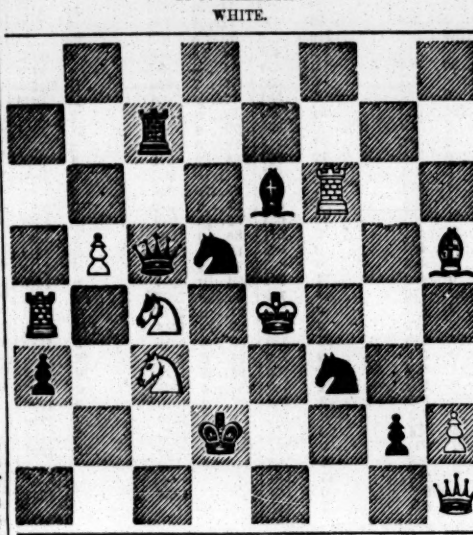
The following position by [the above] distinguished musician and problemist, gained the prize at a Problem Tourney in connection with the Berliner Schach-Zeitung. It is a production of pre-eminent merit, and has baffled the sagacity of our very best connoisseurs. In presenting it to our readers, we particularly call their attention to its great ingenuity.—Era.



## PROBLEM No. 275—MIRON'S TOURNAMENT No. 13.

"Who Checks at me to Death is Right!"

BY P. RICHARDSON.



BLACK.  
Black to play and give mate in thirteen moves.

## GAME NO. 275.

The opening part of the match between Herr Morwitz and Mr. E. Pindar, in the Manchester (Eng.) Tournament.

Attack.	Defence.	Attack.	Defence.
Herr Morwitz.	Mr. Pindar.	Herr Morwitz.	Mr. Pindar.
1. P to K4	P to K3	25. K to his 2	Q to R4 (+)
2. P-K B4	P-Q4	26. K-Q2	Q-R-K3 best
3. P-K5	P-Q4	27. P-Q4	R-Q5 (g)
4. K-Kt-B3	Q-Kt-B3	28. P-Q4	B-K-B3 (h)
5. P-Q Kt3	K-Kt-B3	29. Q-her B5	Q-K R4
6. P-Q B3	Q-her Kt3	30. Kt-QB2	B-K Kt4
7. Q-Kt-R3	P-K B3	31. K-home	Q-B-K5
8. K-B-K3	K-B-K2	32. K-R-K3	K-B-K5
9. Q-K2	K-B-K2	33. Q-K-B3	P-K K4
10. K-B-Kt	Kt-P4 (a)	34. K-R-K3	P-K K4
11. Q-Kt-B2	Castles, K-R	35. K-R-B4	P-K K4
12. P-Q B2	Kt-B5 (b)	36. K-R-B2 (5)	P-K K4
13. Castles	P-B5 (b)	37. B-P4	R-Q P
14. Q-B-K3	B-P4	38. Q-R-Q Kt5	Q-her 4
15. Q-Q2 P	Q-R-B2	39. K-R-Q2	Q-R-Q2
16. K-R-K3 (1)	B-P4	40. K-R-R	K-P-R
17. B-P4	Kt-P4	41. R-Q Kt2	K-P-R
18. K-Kt-Kt	Q-K K4	42. P-K K3	Q-K R5
19. B-R2	Q-her B2	43. Q-her 4	Q-her 4 (6)
20. B-K-B2	R-B (2)	44. P-Q R5	B-K B5
21. K-K R	Q-R P	45. K-Q B3	P-Q7
22. R-K Kt3 (3)	P-K4	46. Q-K8	K-Bis Kt2
23. Q-Kt-K3	P-K5 (d)	47. Q-K7	K-Bis Kt3
24. Q-her 4	B-K Kt4 (e)	48. R-Q P	wins (7).

Notes.—Letters, by Staunton; figures, by Stanley.

(a) Had he taken with B, the Attack would have won P by taking B-P with P, and then K-P with Q.

(b) The opening is not conducted by Herr H. with much energy.

(c) Thus far both players have striven to secure each for himself a position impregnable to attack. Now, however, they join issue. Mr. Pindar relies upon the concentration of his Pawns in the centre, while his adversary risks almost everything to clear the road for the advance and promotion of a pet Pawn at his extreme left.

(d) Well played; from this point, with ordinary care and skill, the Defence, we think, must win.

(e) The attack founded upon this sacrifice is certainly well conceived, and, despite its unsoundness, we are by no means prepared to pronounce it absurd.

(f) We are inclined to believe that any other move would have cost Herr H. the game; the difficulties under which he labors are intense, the nicest discrimination as well as the greatest forethought being requisite at each step.

(g) Good, but P to Q5th would surely have been better. How, in fact, after that move, the Attack could have saved the game is beyond our comprehension. Let us suppose—

23. B-P4 P to Q5 25. K moves K-P4, and 24. B-P4 P to Q5 26. K moves K-P4, and 25. K moves K-P4, and 26. K moves K-P4, and 27. K moves K-P4, and 28. K moves K-P4, and 29. K moves K-P4, and 30. K moves K-P4, and 31. K moves K-P4, and 32. K moves K-P4, and 33. K moves K-P4, and 34. K moves K-P4, and 35. K moves K-P4, and 36. K moves K-P4, and 37. K moves K-P4, and 38. K moves K-P4, and 39. K moves K-P4, and 40. K moves K-P4, and 41. K moves K-P4, and 42. K moves K-P4, and 43. K moves K-P4, and 44. K moves K-P4, and 45. K moves K-P4, and 46. K moves K-P4, and 47. K moves K-P4, and 48. K moves K-P4, and 49. K moves K-P4, and 50. K moves K-P4, and 51. K moves K-P4, and 52. K moves K-P4, and 53. K moves K-P4, and 54. K moves K-P4, and 55. K moves K-P4, and 56. K moves K-P4, and 57. K moves K-P4, and 58. K moves K-P4, and 59. K moves K-P4, and 60. K moves K-P4, and 61. K moves K-P4, and 62. K moves K-P4, and 63. K moves K-P4, and 64. K moves K-P4, and 65. K moves K-P4, and 66. 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Marlowe appeared as Madame Fontanges and won golden opinions from the judges. Mrs. Berrill appeared as Cecile. The scenery employed by the company was painted by Capt. Bayly and it is said, denotes in the gentleman a good deal of artistic skill.



SONG.  
THE UNION VOLUNTEERS!  
WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,  
BY J. G. LORIMER.

I.  
Come boys, I'll sing you now a song,  
That may outlive your years;  
Not over short, nor over long—  
Of the Union Volunteers!

II.  
The rebel South, as you well know,  
Charge us with coward fears;  
They say we are a paltry foe—  
The Union Volunteers!

III.  
They say they'll sweep us all away,  
And drown us in our tears—  
But we will make them curse the day  
They roused the Volunteers!

IV.  
Our powder's dry, our bayonets long—  
Our musc, three loud cheers;  
Our hearts are bold—our arms are strong—  
The Northern Volunteers!

V.  
Our cause is just, and right, and good—  
Of death we have no fears;  
Our country's freedom needs the blood  
Of the Union Volunteers!

VI.  
But, Southern soldiers, turn and fly  
When Northern blood appears—  
For if you stay, you stay to die  
By Union Volunteers!

A PUGILISTIC SOLDIER.

THE BRITISH LIFE GUARDSMAN.

[From the London Sporting Journal.]

The first regiment of the English Life-guards, commonly called the "Cheesemongers" by the Londoners, and the members of the pugilistic corps may reasonably divide the applause and emotion which always attend the recital of the simple story of John Shaw. He was a native of Wollaton, in Nottinghamshire, where he was in the occupation of a farmer until eighteen years of age, when he listened to the seductive voice of a recruiting sergeant, and intoxicated with honor and glory, enlisted in one of the famous regiments of horse-guards, which afterwards, upon the sanguinary field of Waterloo, emote the cuirassiers of Napoleon hip-and-thigh. He became a recruit upon the 16th of October, 1807, but prior to that period he had distinguished himself with the fist upon several occasions. Upon one of these, while he, a mere stripling, was fighting with a man forty pounds heavier than himself, he attracted the attention of the famous Jem Belcher, who happened to be at Nottingham.

The champion stepped to the side of young Shaw, and gave him such sound advice as to the tactics he should pursue, that in the course of a few more rounds he took a decided lead, and finally won the battle in great style. Soon after his arrival in London, and when he had undergone the drill necessary to make him the alert and active, as well as powerful cavalry soldier, he made his first appearance as a sparrer at the Fives Court. He was introduced to the notice of the pugilists and amateurs by Col. Barton, the patron and backer of Jack Randall. In his first exhibitions he was considered rather slow in his movements, but practising with the most experienced and scientific boxers, caused a rapid and permanent improvement in his method of attack.

His public displays were soon considered far above mediocrity, and at length he got the better of Tom Molyneux in a desperate glove encounter. It was now that three of the best judges in England of the points of a boxer, set to work to study and estimate those of Shaw, with a view to backing him in the prize ring. These were Col. Barton, Capt. Barclay, and Mr. Jackson, who had defeated Mendoza, and was champion when he retired. They found that Shaw possessed all the requisites to make a first-rate pugilist. He was six feet and half an inch in height, and weighed, when stripped, two hundred and ten pounds. As a part of his military discipline, he had been accustomed to use heavy dumb bells, and from this he had derived great benefit, while the continual practice of the broadsword exercise had not only given great strength and elasticity to his wrists and shoulders, but made him an accurate judge of time and distance. His three judges then came to the conclusion that he ought to be capable of administering very effective punishment, and they determined to have a trial set to at Mr. Jackson's rooms, in Old Bond street, between Shaw and the famous Captain Barclay.

The latter, so celebrated for his pedestrian performances, and as the trainer of Tom Cribb for his great battle with Molyneux, was himself a man of great strength and science. He never shrank from punishment in sparring, nor ever hesitated to inflict it upon his adversary; and in his person the trying tackle for Shaw was considered first-rate. A few of the aristocratic and wealthy amateurs, besides Col. Barton and Mr. Jackson, were present at the trial set between Capt. Barclay and the young Life Guardsman. After it was over, they unanimously agreed that he was one of the thoroughbred sort. He was very cool and all resolution. It was next to impossible to hit him without being returned upon; in retreating he made fine effective use of his left hand; and his quiet, temperate manner of closing with his adversary was compared to that of the steady and indomitable Cribb. Capt. Barclay had been used to say, "the beauty of Tom is, you can't make him lose his temper; hit him how and where you will, he is always steadily on his guard while on his legs."

This was found to be one of Shaw's characteristics, and this famous set-to between him and the Captain was settled by a tremendous blow on the mouth, which shook the teeth of the gentleman and caused the services of a dentist to be brought into requisition on the spot. The conclave broke up, highly pleased with the display they had had of Shaw's powers, and with a determination to back him as soon as an opportunity offered. Meantime, however, three big fellows quarrelled with Shaw in the neighborhood of Portman Square, and applied some opprobrious epithets to his regiment. He forthwith administered a severe whipping to the three, one after the other, and then took his seat, cool and impassive.

Col. Barton, Capt. Barclay, and Mr. Jackson were not the men to leave Shaw long without a match; and on the 12th of July, 1812, he made his regular debut with Burrows, a West countryman, of game and sturdy qualities. He must have been a good one, for he fought Tom Molyneux for above an hour when that renowned pugilist was in the prime of his strength. But, to the amazement of those not in the secret, who had not been present in Jackson's rooms, Burrows stood no chance whatever with Shaw. He hit him as he pleased so often and so heavily, that his blows on the West countryman's head resounded like the clank of the sabre at his own heels, when he marched through the paved courts at St. James' Palace. In seventeen minutes, during which thirteen rounds were fought, Shaw had so dreadfully punished his man about the head, that he was led out of the ring stone blind. The Life Guardsman was scarcely touched himself. He had not a mark upon his face, and Burrows drew no blood from him.

Three years elapsed before the young soldier entered the ring again, and it was exactly two months before that memorable day whose close saw him stretched "on that field of his fame, fresh and gory." During the interval he had practised much with the gloves, and was held to be, by long odds, the best man in the three regiments of Horse-guards. Those that have seen a troop of these stalwart men, mounted on their big black horses, will scarcely forget the idea of the immense physical power

they convey, and for time out of mind they have been noted for their skill and activity in athletic exercises. The battle in which Shaw made his second and last appearance in the prize ring, was with the famous Ned Painter, who afterwards defeated Tom Spring. It was fought on the 18th of April, 1815, on Hounslow Heath, and he won again with consummate ease in twenty-eight minutes. Painter was waited upon by Tom Cribb and Tom Oliver. He set to with alacrity, and continued to fight with undaunted pluck, but the Guardsman had too much weight and metal.

It was like the charge of his own regiment at Waterloo upon the light cavalry of the French, or the broadside of a line-of-battle-ship against that of a sloop-of-war. The punishment administered by Shaw was terrible. He stood over his man and planted his hits with a rapidity and force which reminded everybody of Jackson in his fight with Mendoza. Painter was knocked down ten times in succession, and in this case the natural effect of such blows quickly followed, for at the expiration of twenty-eight minutes, Ned Painter was taken out of the ring totally exhausted and beaten. Yet this was a man of five feet ten inches in height, whose weight was 182 pounds, and whose frame, when stripped, was a model of athletic beauty. Moreover, he was considered a match for the best of his day, and we repeat, afterwards defeated Spring. In his defeat we have the means of estimating the tremendous pugilistic powers of Shaw, and it affords another proof that length, strength, weight, and science are irresistible by smaller men, if their possessor is a first-rate fighter and a hard hitter. In Jackson they defeated Mendoza with ridiculous ease. In Shaw they beat Ned Painter, and it was literally a horse to a hen all through the fight. And now we should like to know whether any man in his senses believes that Tom Sayers could have fought Shaw long, or that he could have come again, with little external appearance of punishment, after being knocked down ten or a dozen times by Jackson?

The Life Guardsman left the ring immediately after the fight with Painter, very little the worse for the effects of the battle; and he immediately announced that he should fight for the championship. He challenged any man in England, and Cribb was ready to take it up. As usual, in matters of this kind, there was great diversity of opinion among the amateurs as to the probable result of a contest between them. Shaw, in his own mind, felt confident that there was no man living who could beat him, and there seemed to have been several good reasons to lead us to concur in the opinion. His strength and activity were such that he could hit and get away. He was a fine judge of time and distance, and his blows were too heavy to be warded off. Then, again, Cribb may reasonably be supposed to have declined as a fighter in the four years which had elapsed since his last battle with Molyneux. But these gallant heroes were never to meet in the pugilistic arena. Six weeks after his fight with Painter, Shaw's regiment was ordered, in hot haste, abroad, as part of the British army, to withstand the onslaught of Napoleon, who had left Elba, and like an uncaged eagle swooped down upon the Bourbons of France. The pugilist was soon bivouacking upon the plains of Belgium; and the shadow of the angel of death's dark wing was rapidly advancing to eclipse the star of his nativity.

On the morning of the 17th of June, Shaw was engaged in the fight which preceded the tremendous and decisive contests of the following day. He was wounded in the breast, and ordered to the rear by his commanding officer. Here he had his wound dressed, and finding but little inconvenience from it, he returned, with a noble ardor, to his place in the ranks. Of all the private soldiers and corporals who distinguished themselves on the 18th at Waterloo, Shaw's gallantry was the most conspicuous. How the troops stood the terrible pounding of Napoleon's artillery; how the Life Guards, Scotch Grays, etc., cut up the cuirassiers and cavalry of France; and how the Grenadier Guards beat back the final charge of Ney and the Old Guard, is a matter of history. Our sketch has to do only with the exploits of the wounded prize fighter, who there contended for a wreath of imperishable glory, and won it with his heart's best blood.

According to all accounts of those who fought by his side, he killed and disabled ten of the enemy before he was stricken by the ball that laid him low; and in the spot of the very melee where he fell and was found dead, there were seven Frenchmen, all killed by sabre cuts dealt by a powerful arm. Shaw possessed the "science of the sword" in a very eminent degree, and that, as well as their great strength and courage, was demanded of him and his comrades in their encounter with the mailed cuirassiers of France. Ever since the battle, his name and memory have been renowned in song and story, and in him and Robin Hood, Nottinghamshire has two of the greatest idols of rustic regard that England has produced.

As a prize fighter, his merits were great, and he would have attained the championship had he survived the battle of Waterloo. His trial with Capt. Barclay caused Gen. Barton, Mr. Jackson, and the other amateurs who witnessed it, to pronounce him, with one acclamation, a "thorough-bred" boxer, and to compare him with Tom Cribb. He won both his fights with great ease, and without receiving any punishment himself, while his adversaries were terribly cut up by his heavy hitting. The truth is that Shaw, in common with Jackson, Cribb, Old Dutch Sam, Jack Randall, and Tom Sayers, had in perfection that first great requisite of a boxer, the capacity to strike very heavy and punishing blows, while his great length of reach and activity enabled him to get away and come again much more rapidly than most men of their weight can do. It is true that Ned Painter was not in condition when Shaw beat him; but it is equally true that the latter had no regular training, and was only in such condition as the soldierly drill and pursuit of athletic exercises maintained him in. Then, again, the ease with which he defeated him, must be taken into account. It will surprise some that a soldier of the Life Guards, under the stringent discipline of the British army could fight prize battles, and intend to enter the lists for the championship. But the explanation is easy. At that time it was commonly held that the standing up fight method of the ring cultivated in the English and Irish people that resolute and obstinate valor which has often overcome the most daring chivalry in a long struggle. Consequently, the officers of the army and of ships of war mostly encouraged rather than repressed the pugilistic inclinations of their men; and though a prize battle, like any other fight, was a breach of the peace, more magistrates went to see them, and laid bets upon the three events, than made efforts to prevent their occurrence. Thus we find the officers of the Guards interposing no obstacle to Shaw's fighting; and two other gentlemen, who had held military commissions under the King, were the men to bring him out as a boxer. The people of that age may have been mistaken in the notion they entertained on this subject, but they fought the French for about twenty years, and finally prevailed by dint of sheer game and bottom.

JUMPING THE ROPE.—This exercise, if taken in moderate doses, is both healthful and pleasant; but our young girls are too often apt to overreach the mark. Physicians tell us, and we have had several instances under our own supervision, that it is a dangerous recreation, and very often results in a severe spell of illness, and sometimes even death. School girls are perhaps most apt to indulge in this amusement beyond their powers of endurance. Being obliged to sit in a narrow seat half the day, hemmed in by formidable piles of books and paper, when they come out into the open air they feel the need of relaxation very much, and as the fun of jumping rope presents attractive features, they become engaged in the diversion, and before they are aware, a sort of vertigo or nausea ensues which in all probability will result in a protracted illness. We say then, to the young girls, beware of the jumping rope. There are other means of recreation in which your health and lives are not jeopardized.

THE RING IN BY-GONE DAYS,  
BEING A RECORD OF  
WELL-FOUGHT BATTLES,  
NOW FIRST RE-PUBLISHED IN THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.  
NUMBER TWENTY-FIVE.

Sam. Larkins, the Cambridge Champion.

Larkins had raised his fame in the country by proving the conqueror in several fights. At Fiddget Hall, one mile and a half from Newmarket, in a field, on Monday, November 28, 1826, Larkins fought with Bill Abbot. Larkins showed upon the ground under Corinthian patronage; and Abbot appeared in good twig. Abbot was seconded by his old Westminster friends, Tom Oliver and Jack Clark; and Larkins was waited upon by White-headed Bob and Peter Crawley. Abbot the favorite at 5 to 4.

Round 1. The weather was too cold to warrant much delay in going to work. Abbot seemed anxious to commence, and let fly with his left at Larkins' cannon, but was stopped in very neat style, and Larkins went in to close fighting, a desperate but scrambling rally followed, in which Abbot was thrown.

2. Some good exchanges, right and left, and some scientific stops. Abbot rushed in, and in the trial for the fall, was successful. Larkins was thrown.

3. More hitting; but the distances were ill-judged, and little mischief was done. In the close, both down.

4. A bustling round, in which hitting and getting away was the order of the proceeding. Abbot showed himself the worse for exertion, and became puffy. He fought wild, and was thrown.

5. In this round Larkins had all the best of the milling; but Abbot closed, and threw him a tremendous cross-buttock, which shook all the bones in his fish bag.

6. Larkins evinced considerable science, and stopped with great precision a left-handed visitation intended for his nob. He then returned with quickness, and caught Abbot on the muzzle. (Shouts from the Alma Mater boys.) A close followed, and Abbot was thrown. On rising on his second's knee, Abbot showed first blood from his grinder's casket.

7 to 9. In all these rounds, Larkins had the best of the hitting and throwing. The Larkins crowd looked stone blue, while the Cambridge youths offered any odds, but it was no go.

10. Abbot screwed his energies to the "sticking place," and doubled himself for mischief. After a short spar, Larkins came in, when Abbot caught him with a teaser with his right mawley, that he hit him clean off his pins. (Shouts from the boys of the village.) This was the first knock-down blow, and decided the bet on that event.

11 and 12. Larkins came up nothing loth, and as fresh and playful as a kitten. In both these rounds he had a decided advantage, and proved himself the stronger man.

13. A sharp rally, which ended in a close. In going down, Larkins was under, but Abbot appeared to be getting very weak.

14. Abbot adopted the shy system, and retreated to the ropes. Larkins followed him vigorously, and hit him down. From this round to the conclusion of the fight in the thirtieth round, Abbot was hit down in almost every round, the moment he was led to the scratch. When placed before his antagonist, in the last round, he could not stand, and his seconds gave in for him. The fight lasted thirty-three minutes, and the result of course produced great dissatisfaction in the minds of the staunch admirers of the London ring, who dropped their blunt pretty freely on the occasion. The usual whippers were in circulation; while the winners declared, that no fight could have been more fairly fought and won.

REMARKS.—Larkins has proved himself a good scientific fighter, and a game man. He had for some time been availing himself of the instructive talents of Crawley and White-headed Bob. Abbot was certainly not himself, and fought open-handed. Old judges say they never saw him display less tact, or was more abroad. The punishment was not very severe on either side.

A few persons wished to insinuate that the conduct of Abbot was not altogether right; but that as it may, we have been informed that, whatever the intentions of the Westminster Cove might have been, he was licked against his will.

Battle between Beresford and Lawson.  
ENGLAND vs. SCOTLAND.

By way of a finish to Egham Races, Thursday, August 25, 1825, the above crummy blades selected the far-famed plains of Runnymede; but the magistrates of Surrey being rather crusty on the occasion, and having set their faces against such exhibitions, a fresh scene of action was sought, and a field close to the Race Course, which luckily happened to be in Buckinghamshire, was adopted for the arena. The stakes were soon pitched, and the partisans of both men, including an immense muster of the most celebrated Knights of Dough in the metropolis, formed the ring. Battle money, forty sovereigns.

The preliminaries of combat having been settled, the men came to the scratch; Beresford, who was the favorite, being attended by Tom Oliver and Alex. Reed (the Chelsea Snob), and Lawson by two Caledonian friends. In point of weight and height, they appeared equal, and, in fact, they seemed to be, in all respects, well matched. Their weight might be about eleven stone each. On stripping, they showed excellent condition. They also manifested great confidence, but in different ways, Beresford being all gaiety and bustle, while Lawson prepared for his work with as much deliberation as if he were about to send a batch of bread to the oven.

At twenty minutes after six, the battle commenced, and was continued with great vigor for forty-five minutes, during which time thirty-four rounds were fought; but, as neither of the men evinced any science, it would afford little amusement to give the rounds in detail. It was all straightforward work—hitting and receiving—closing and throwing—sometimes one and sometimes the other uppermost. No attempt was made at stopping, and, for some time, the punishment on either side was but trifling. The Scotchman, however, maintained his coolness throughout. He waited for his man with great caution; and it was soon seen that John Bull had been too well fed, and was too impetuous, to make a successful fight. In the twentieth round, his head was regularly chattered, and from thenceforth, although he showed great game and resolution, he got gradually worse, till his dough was kneaded almost to a mummy. Lawson's friends encouraged him by loud cheers, and with no intimation more satisfactory than that the "forty pounds" were likely to be his own. At last, in the fifty-fourth round, Lawson delivered a flush hit on Beresford's muzzle, which proved a finisher, and he was taken away unable to come again, while Lawson received the loud congratulations of his friends. There was but little betting on the event, and but few of the regular ring-goers were present. The fight lasted forty-five minutes.

ORIGIN OF THE TERM WILD-GOOSE CHASE.—Wild-goose chase was a term used to express a sort of racing on horseback, formerly practised, resembling the flying of wild geese; those birds generally go in train one after another, not in confused flocks as other birds do. In this sort of race the two horses, after running twelve score yards, had liberty, which horse soever could get the lead, to run over what ground the jockey pleased, the hindmost horse being bound to follow him within a certain distance agreed on by the articles, or else to be whipped in by the triers and judges who rode by; and which ever horse could distance the other won the race. This sort of racing was not long in common use, for it was found inhuman, and destructive of good horses, when two such were matched together; for in this case neither was able to distance the other till they were both ready to sink under their riders; and often two very good horses were both spoiled, and the wagers forced to be drawn at last. The mischief of this sort of racing soon brought in the method now in use, of only running over a certain quantity of ground, and determining the plate or wager by coming in first at the winning-post. The phrase "wild-goose chase" is now employed to denote a fruitless attempt or an enterprise undertaken with little probability of success.

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